COTTON IS ALL DUN PICKED.

BY OPIE P. READ.

I's gwine up ter town an' spen' my money—
Cotton is all dun picked;
I's gwinter eat bread an' 'lasses an' honey—
Cotton is all dun picked;
I wucked mighty hard while de sun was hot
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' I'se armed all de money what I hab got—
Cotton is all dun picked.
White man sets on de fence an' figgers—
Cotton is all dun picked,
He's got a mighty knack fur to cheat po' niggers—
Cotton is all dun picked.

An'er rake away de leaves, an' we'll all hab a dance;
Tune up de banjer—pling, plang, plung;
Lookout for de pinch-bug; watch for de ants;
Tune up de banjer; gling, glang, clung.
I'se mules hab gone in de fiel' fur ter graze—
Cotton is all dun picked.
An' aroun' de sun dar is a thick haze—
Cotton is all dun picked.
De white boy goes ter de woods an' shoots—
Cotton is all dun picked,
An' de black boy struts in'a new par o' boots—
Cotton is all dun picked.
Oh, de taters am sweet an' de 'simmons is ripe—
An' I sets on de log an' smokes my pipe—
Cotton is all dun picked.

An' er roas' de ole 'possum, an' er po, on de grease,
Make a nigger's mouf go clip, clap, clop;
Jes han'ter de ole man a mighty big piece,
Make er nigger's mouf go flip, flap, flop.

WEDDED FOR GOLD.

BY MANDA L. CROCKER.

The season at Island Park was about over, yet still they lingered; she, because she loved the picturesque retreat, and because Leslie Wayne was such pleasant company; he, because he worshiped at her shrine, and thought Ceyle Davis the most perfect and beautiful of women. Her gray, expressive eyes had captured him long ago, and her smiles still held him a most willing prisoner.

Leslie Wayne was poor, but he had such a wealth of devotion to offer her that he fondly hoped to satisfy her with this one great love of his life. He was a briefless lawyer now, to be sure, but he had ambition and a promising future, and would some day shine in his profession; then even Ceyle would be proud of him.

They were wandering among the the flowers and fountains on the island listening to the songs of birds and the plash of the water; the mellow strains of "Bonnie Doon" floated to them also from the deck of a little boat at the landing.

"I am tired," exclaimed Ceyle, with a gesture indicating weariness; "tired of this. Let us sit down here," indicating a rustic seat by the water with one daintily-gloved hand, "and wait for the return of the boat. It will not be gone more than half an hour—only to Spring Beach and return."

"Nothing loth to do her bidding, Leslie suddenly remembered that to while away thirty minutes beneath the cool maples was just the thing to do.

"I shall be lonesome enough, I dare say, by this time next week," remarked Ceyle surveying the toe of her elegant slipper, and wondering what Leslie would find to say in reply.

He sat still, very still, watching the spray sifting pearly mists down over an inanimate cupid. Would she mind his lack of this world's goods if he spoke now? He was not poverty-stricken, and then there were his aspirations; he had told her of them and she seemed interested; aye, pleased. He would risk a confession; even a flat refusal, bitter as it would be, were better than to go away in uncertainty. So he said: "And I shall be utterly desolate without——"

"Without what?" queried Ceyle, her face flushing slightly, not with an answering impulse, but with satisfied vanity.

"Without you," he answered, bluntly. "I believe I shall never be happy again away from you, Miss Davis."

It was said now; the confession was made, and he sat looking at her with all the anxious, earnest love of his soul shining in his expectant face. Surely she had been kind; surely she would so continue.

Poor Leslie! he had heard of the coquette, but had never fallen a victim to the wiles of that interesting personage before. She was beautiful—the coquette generally is; Miss Davis, Leslie could have sworn at that moment, was the embodiment of all that is counted good, beautiful, and true—yes, *true*; but she speaks:

"Mr. Wayne, I am quite sorry that you feel that sort of friendship for me——"

"'Friendship!' For heaven's sake, Miss Davis, don't call my soul's adoration 'friendship!' If you are sorry that I *love* you, say so, but use no misnomers, I beg of you, and add insult to the wound. Oh, Ceyle!"

He had risen; a strong, handsome man who had battled willingly with opposition, and hurled many an obstruction from his pathway without shrinking. But this—this was different. He shook like an aspen, and his face out-rivaled the belated lotus blossoms on the fountain's rim in whiteness.

Must he stand this? He must. There was no use suing for favor from one who could answer thus lightly, after having encouraged him so long.

She sat looking placidly into the water. To be sure there was just a little twinge of pain at her heart, and a faint blush of quiet on her perfect face that she had trifled with such an honest, earnest man, but what could she do?

He was not wealthy, had no income, and only a profession, and but beginning in that. If he had been a monied man, why then it would have been different altogether, for otherwise he was just the one she should have chosen for a companion.

No, it was not to be thought of. She had had a very enjoyable time at Island Park, and its pleasure rested mainly with the handsome, intelligent lawyer before her.

"You will not alter your decision?" he asked, pitifully.

"No."

"Then would to God we had never met! I sincerely hope, Miss Davis, that you may never have the least compunction concerning your decision. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Wayne," she said, gently, and in a moment more he had disappeared among the trees.

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Island Park was again the fashionable resort, the season having opened with a promise of surpassing any former effort.

Ceyle Davis had drifted back earlier than usual. She somehow felt a strange yearning to be only where they had strolled together once again, if no more. Ah! there was a deeper motive for her punctuality than that merely. Ceyle had fondly hoped to meet the able and influential lawyer, the Hon. Leslie Wayne himself. He had won fame and fortune in his profession by an unparalleled stroke of genius, and was now the M. C. from Ohio.

His name was down on the program for a lecture in the Tabernacle, and she would not miss hearing him for anything. The compunction he mentioning had not lain dormant. No, indeed; many times it had goaded her in bitter condemnation. Yes, she had regretted her decision. If it had not been for his poverty—but her parents had taught her, and expected her to marry wealth and position; and society applauded this teaching, so what else had there been left to do, unless she chose to fall out of rank socially? But within the solitude of her desolate, society-ridden life she had solved the problem herself, that poverty of purse was not, nor ever could be such a curse as poverty of soul. If she only could make him believe that she loved him, and had only been in fear of opposition; but that would but prove the cowardice of heart. Oh! it was awful, Ceyle could attest, to wreck one's whole life to please the dictates of society in the kingdom of shoddy.

The Tabernacle was crowded with eager auditors, and Ceyle Davis sat close to the rostrum, with wildly beating heart.

The speaker was a little late, they said, owing to the detention of the train. Hark! that was the whistle. Now in a few moments she would see him! see Leslie. Ah! there he comes, and the loved form came through the crowd, which made way for him respectfully. There was the same kindly face, she had only remembered in its whiteness of love's deep agony.

But who was that with him? Such a lovely, richly-dressed woman? It must be—the crowd grew dim and whirled around Ceyle, and she clutched the seat in front of her for support. She must not give way like that; people would talk.

Yes, she heard Leslie introduce the beautiful woman to the managers as his wife. There was no mistake; she had caught every introduction of that loved voice, and could not be mistaken.

She must be dying, but she must not die here; somebody would guess why—he might imagine, and he must never know. At all hazzards, she must bear her living death, as he had borne his once. No, she must do even better than Leslie had done; she must not even acknowledge a wound, although the shaft had cleft her soul.

Some one wanted to pass through the crowded isle. Ceyle got up mechanically and gave them her seat and then went out. She never could have been brave enough to have sat out the half hour. No; God pity and forgive, she would go then.

On and on she wandered aimlessly until she found she had crossed the bridge connecting the island with the city. The roar of an incoming train fell on her benumbed sense and she gave a start. Yes, here was the depot, and that was the homeward-bound train. Why not go home? Cousin Marie would bring her trunks if she said so. She would; she would say "suddenly called home," that would do. Marie knew what to do, and the train had come.

When it left the city it carried Ceyle with it, the most silent, white-faced lady in its coaches.

"Ah! why home so early, my dear?" questioned old Money-bags, who had dogged Ceyle's steps for six months, for a favorable answer to his suit.

"I guess I couldn't stay away from you so long," she answered with a terrible lie on her soul and a sickly, frozen smile on her colorless face. But old Money-bags was so overjoyed that she seemed to care for him, that he failed to notice her shudder, and almost recoil from him, when he took her cold hand.

And, when the wedding was announced, society said "Miss Davis was one of the favored and lucky women," but many were puzzled to find Ceyle such a cold, proud, heartless woman after marriage.

And Leslie Wayne read the notice of her wedding in a society journal, and remarked to himself, "she has made it win."

FOUND NEW YORK MIGHTY LARGE.

"So you are fond of New York?"

"Yes."

"Been there often?"

"This was the tenth time."

"Did the city look as large as when you first went there?"

"Much larger."

"It did? That's just the opposite of my experience. After the third or fourth time I was not at all impressed with its size."

"Well, I stood on Broadway, at Canal street, and looked around me, and it seemed to me that I could never get out of the city."

"Shoo! That was a queer impression."

"Well, I dunno. I just had my pocket picked of my last dollar, didn't know a soul to borrow from and the hotel clerk was making out my three days' bill. Yes, the city seemed to be forty miles across to me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Land Speculation in California.

"Please talk about land speculations in the West."

"They amuse us old settlers very much. Your 'one-lunged' immigrants from the East come out and buy land for $1,500 to $2,000 per acre, expecting to live on raising oranges and pomegranates in the land where these fruits are indigenous. Our people have been starving trying to raise them. In San Bernardino and Santa Barbara counties and in Los Angeles we have the most absurd land speculation possible. They have staked out town lots in Los Angeles sufficient for the population of London, Paris, and Vienna to starve in."—*Interview with Frank Pixley.*

Newspapers and Education.

The extent to which the knowledge of letters, or at any rate the knowledge of reading and writing, has spread among the people of any country is indicated pretty closely by the number of newspapers or other periodicals that they read. It is easy to understand that the people of the United States, who spend more money for their own education than any other people in the world, have a greater number of journals, compared with their population, than any other country. In the United States there is published one paper to every 4,433 inhabitants.

The country in which the proportion of newspapers to the population is next greatest is also a country where the people govern themselves and pay great attention to education. This country is Switzerland, and it has one journal to every 5,073 people.

The next country in what may be called newspaper rank is Denmark, which has a small population and free schools. There is one newspaper to every 6,022 people.

The cases of France and Germany present an exception to the rule that the newspapers are in proportion to the number of people, relatively to the whole population, who can read. There is one newspaper to every 8,642 people in France, and one to every 9,474 in Germany; but the proportion of illiterates is, nevertheless, greater in France than in Germany, and the Germans pay much more attention to educational matters than do the French. In nearly the whole of Germany all children are compelled to go to school.

The greater proportion of newspapers in France is probably due to the keen interest that most of the people have in public affairs and their great fondness for reading stories. Nearly all French newspapers publish a continued story, generally printed in short columns across the bottom of the pages. Many more small, cheap newspapers are published in France than in Germany.

Great Britain and Ireland come next upon the list, with one journal for every 11,409 inhabitants. There are many illiterates in Ireland, and in some parts of England, and the schools are nowhere free, as with us, nor is education compulsory. The newspapers, however, are very widely circulated, and, for the most part, very cheap. The very largest daily newspapers in London, which pay great sums every year for telegraphic dispatches and other news, are sold throughout the kingdom for one penny (two cents).

We find that Sweden comes next on the list, with one newspaper for every 13,120 people. Very few Swedes are unable to read, and primary education throughout Sweden and Norway is free and compulsory. Perhaps the fact that intemperance prevails to a most alarming extent in Sweden and Norway has something to do with the fact that journals and reviews circulate to a less extent there than in other countries where the standard of population is high.

Austria has one paper to every 14,832 people, and her companion kingdom of Hungary only one to every 24,343. The difference is easily understood when we note the fact that in Austria proper 88 per cent. of the adults are unable to read and write, and in Hungary only 25 per cent. Even in Hungary the newspapers which have the largest circulation are printed in the German language.

In Italy the number of people who are unable to read is very great, and and there is but one paper for every 20,356 inhabitants. The peasants of Italy are among the poorest in all Europe. Nearly two-thirds of the population over 10 years of age are unable to read, and fifty-nine men and seventy-eight women out of every hundred are unable to sign the marriage registers.

Russia in Europe is at the bottom of the list in the proportion of newspapers taken by the people. There is but one journal to every 109,611 people in Russia. This is easy to understand when we read that in her general educational system Russia is still behind even such countries as Japan and Egypt.—*Youth's Companion.*

Marriage in Old Rome.

In the early days the strictest kind of marriage conferred on the Roman wife privileges which were considerable in extent and honorable in degree. When married by the law of "coim conventione" and with the form of "confarreatio" — the two eating together the sacred salted cake, and she, the bride, promising to share with her husband water and fire—she was set in a place of personal dignity and moral power; and though she belonged to the family more than to the community, the state took care of her ineests and provided for her welfare. Her legal personality was certainly merged in that of her husband, who was emphatically the master of the household; she was counted as one of his family, and was no longer under the protection of her own; but she was secure from his caprice, and could not be divorced at his pleasure. Nor might she be ill-used, and she was as much mistress in the house as he was master. "Ubi tu Gaius, ego Gaia," she said to her bridegroom when she was lifted over his threshold as a reminescence of the time when she had been won by violence and carried off by force. "Where thou art lord I am lady," was her half-threatening promise of self-assertion. And the Roman woman was not one to use this formula falteringly—not one whose dignity of command could be easily softened or deflected by love. Bound by this double link of law and religion, the wife's legal position was that of her husband's child, but she was protected against that breadth of paternal power which made the father both the law and the executive in his own household, and enabled him to sell his children into slavery or to put him to death for certain offenses. She was free from the domination of her own father, and her husband's was restricted. She inherited from her husband equally, but only equally, with her children, and as a daughter she shared with her brothers.—*Fortnightly Review.*

OIL has been very weak for some time. A natural effect of being "struck" so much, perhaps.

The American Rival of Langtry.

My dear, the reign of gowns and gossip is upon us. The American beauty is to be sprung on an unsuspecting public, and quite sub rosa, I want to tell you that the American beauty (Mrs. Potter) hasn't much beauty to speak of and precious little to look at. I saw her when she was posed before the public, dressed as atrociously as only American women can be dressed when they give themselves over to Worth and have no opinions of their own, because then Worth tries things on them just as theatrical managers try plays on dogs, i. e., Chicago and Philadelphia. The American beauty, now pray understand Dolly that I am not personal, has not learned the art that the most ordinary of English beauties has fully accomplished, that of repose. The American beauty is too painfully conscious of her audience, and her fur wrap, of the rogue under her eyes, and of the fact that she, after all, is not very much. I cannot say that I am sorry. I rather think it serves her right.

The American beauty will, I am afraid, find that her sternest critics will be among her countrymen, because (whisper it so that the gods in the gallery will not hear it) better looking, prettier mannered and very much more fetching women are seen on Broadway every afternoon. You know, after all, it is fetchingness that counts. Nobody knows just what being fetching in a woman is, but the nearest that you can get to it is being womanly and being able to diffuse your womanliness, being able to make not only one man in the house, but an entire audience of men perfectly conscious that you are a woman—that is being fetching. Being fetching in a woman is bringing a houseful of people to your feet. Bernhardt has it, Mrs. Langtry has it, Ellen Terry has it. Now, can you find in any place three women who are more different?—*New York Star.*

HOPE is the ruddy morning of joy, recollection is its golden tinge; but the latter is wont to sink amid the dews and dusky shades of twilight; and the bright blue day which the former promises breaks indeed, but in another world, and with another sun.—*Richter.*

The Only American Salt Mine.

Mr. Ely reached the place early in the morning of a clear April day, and found there two scientific men from the North, who had found their way up from the Exposition to visit this island, which contains the only mine of rock-salt on this continent. The island takes its name from Bayou Petite Anse, in which it stands. It forms part of the plantations of the Avery family.

One of the visitors to the mines explained to Mr. Ely that there was a belt of saliferous deposit in Louisiana extending from Bossier and Bienville parishes, above Red River, to the Gulf. The largest of these deposits appears to be the beds of ancient exhausted lakes. Salt springs were known to exist on Petite Anse Islands from the earliest date, but the works were abandoned until the blockade during the war raised the price of salt so high in the Southern States that Major Avery reopened them for the use of the Confederacy. It was at this time that he came unexpectedly upon the enormous stratum of pure rock-salt which underlies the soil. Like the Island of Ormuz, in the Persian Gulf, Petite Anse is apparently only a huge rock of salt.

The mines have now been in operation about twenty years. The salt is excavated in large masses by blasting with dynamite. It is so pure that it is prepared for the marked, not by melting and refining, as in the English mines, but simply by grinding into the requisite grades of fineness. The native crystals detached by blasting are as clear and translucent as glass. Mr. Ely went down into the mine, and wandered through its far retreating corridors, whose pillars and lofty arches shone with a soft silvery radiance. When the lights of the torches struck into the darkness overhead, the domes flashed back such splendors of color that it seemed to Mr. Ely as if he had entered one of the caves underground where the Trolls have stored all the jewels of the world.

"This is all a surprise to me," said one of the visitors—a stout professor from some college in Indiana—as he stepped from the elevator into the upper air; "I actually did not know there was a mine of salt in the United States."

"And yet," said their guide, quickly, you have no doubt used our salt on your table for years. We ship it to every large town in the North and West."

This little island of Petite Anse furnishes pepper as well as salt to our tables. Tobasco or the distilled cayenne dear to the hearts of *gourmands* and *chefs*, is manufactured here out of a wild pepper peculiar to Lousiana. Two or three fields produce enough of the cultivated pods to send their essence to all parts of this country and to Europe. It is one the numberless minor industries which have sprung into life throughout the South since the war, and which hint at the strength and vitality of that long sterile soil.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine.*

Value of Bogus Coin.

In the records of Mauchline sessions the following entry occurs under the date 1748: "Found in the box of good money, £66 7s. 6d. Scots, and of bad copper, £43 19s. 7d." And for many years afterward, when the Mauchline kirk box was opened, a similar fact was revealed. For every three pennies of good copper there were two of bad. The conclusion is forced on our mind that in olden times a large number of people kept their bad coppers for charitable purposes, so as to appear to be giving to the poor when they were not giving, and to be lending to the Lord when they were holding back, and the left hand doubtless knew on these occasions what the right hand did. "In 1764, we learn from a foot note, the kirk session of Kilmarnock thought 'fit that the minister exhort the people not to give their doutts (doits, a Dutch coin of the value of a penny, or as some say, a penny and a third of a penny Scots) to the poor now, when none will accept of them as current.'" This just and pious exhortation, it would seem, fell on dull ears, for in 1766 the kirk session directed its treasurer "to dispose and sell the doits and other bad money he got from the last treasurer" to the best advantage. Every other year there was at Mauchline a sale of bad coppers when the contents of the kirk box were examined. The £43 17d. 9d. of bad coppers found in the box in 1748 were disposed of at the rate of seven pence per Dutch pound, and they realized £7 17s. 6d. In other words, every penny of bad copper put into the plate as a contribution to the poor was worth only the sixth part of a penny, or a little more than half a farthing. In 1753 the price of bad copper rose to eightpence per pound, whether because they were more run on for charitable purposes or for some other equally laudable reason it is not stated, but it is at least pleasant to think that the poor derived some profit by the enhanced value of what was given for their support. In 1774 the market for bad coppers became very drug, possibly from being overstocked, and it was minuted that every member of session is desired to try the several smiths and coppersmiths to buy the bad copper. Like nuts at the end of a fair, they were to be had at a bargain—a penny a quarter, twopence a half pound—cheap, cheap, cheap! — *Old Church Life in England.*

AT the recent eclipse of the sun the Chinese authorities, in accordance with the usage of the Empire, ordered the Buddhist and Tavist priests to recite their incantations to rescue the sun from being devoured. It was at the time of the festivities over the Emperor's birthday, when all officials were required to wear embroidered robes, but it is also the law that during an eclipse officials who participate in the ceremonies must wear ordinary garments until the sun is rescued. An edict had to be got from the Emperor to settle it. He ordered the officials to ignore his birthday and attend to the sun, so they all wore ordinary robes.

MECHANICAL.

AN inventor has completed experiments which, he asserts, show the practicability of making stone type. They are, of course, of large size, to substitute wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into moulds, and then hardened, afterwards being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each font will be exactly the same as that preceding. This inventor predicts a great future for the material.

MR. T. P. WHITE, in a communication to the Chemical Society gives a decidedly negative answer to the question whether the acids of canned fruits may not form poisonous salts with the tin. He reports, as the result of his experiments, that the tin is entirely devoid of danger when taken internally in any form that might arise from being in contact with fruits and vegetables. He believes that the cases of accidental poisoning attributed to tin were due to solder or other impurities, arsenic, copper, or lead. Prof. W. Mattieu Williams says that there need be no lead in the solder, that it is only put in for cheapness sake, and that tin makes a superior solder to any alloy. Therefore, all danger may be obviated by prohibiting the use of any other solder than pure tin.

AN open gas fire radiator has just been introduced in London. It consists of a fire box with a front and bars of pleasing design. The interior of the fire space is filled with a coil of pipes to serve as a boiler for heating the radiator on the principle of low-pressure circulation. The coil is not seen, being covered with asbestos. There are two flows and two returns from this coil. The radiator is formed of top and bottom boxes, cast and cored with a chamber throughout, and holes to receive the upright columns. A vase is placed on top for charging with water. The gain here obtained is equal to the exposed area of the radiator, plus the amount of heat extracted from the interior of the fire. Chimneys are dispensed with, a small pipe to carry off the fumes only being necessary.

SOME idea of the extent to which mechanical ingenuity and efficiency have advanced may be had from the following statement: "It is now possible to construct a complete sewing machine in a minute, or sixty in one hour; a reaper every fifteen minutes, or less; 300 watches in a day, complete in all their appointments. More important than this even, is the fact that it is possible to construct a locomotive in a day. From the plans of a draughtsman to the execution of them by the workmen, every wheel, lever, valve and rod may be constructed from the metal to the engine intact. Every rivet may be driven in the boiler, every tube in the tube sheets, and from the smoke-stack to the ashpan, a locomotive may may be turned out in a working day, completely eqipped, ready to do the work of a hundred horses." Without such machinery and the skilled labor to operate them, the civilized world of to-day would be an impossibility.

GLASS, porcelain, and metals can be soldered it is said, by an alloy made thus: Copper dust, obtained by precipitation from a solution of the sulphate by means of zinc, is put in a cast-iron or porcelain-lined mortar and mixed with strong sulphuric acid, specific gravity 1.85. From twenty to thirty or thirty-six parts of the dust are taken, according to the hardness desired. To the cake formed of acid and copper there is added, under constant stirring, seventy parts mercury. When well mixed, the amalgam is carefully rinsed with warm water to remove all the acid, and then set aside to cool. In ten or twelve hours it is hard enough to scratch tin. When required for use it is to be heated so hot that, when worked over and brayed in a mortar, it becomes as soft as wax. In this ductile form it can be spread on any surface, to which it adheres with great tenacity when it gets cold and hard. This alloy is intended to be used to solder such articles as will not bear high temperatures.

How a Sioux Dies.

In 1881 I was hunting some horses in the broken country west of the Big Horn River. I had ridden all the morning over a country that was strange to me. About 11 o'clock I crossed a plateau, and was surprised to come suddenly to the edge of a canyon the exhistence of which I had not even suspected. In the canyon was a stream with clumps of cottonwood timber along its banks, and in one of the open spaces was an Indian lodge. The Indians that hunted in that country were peaceable, but the war was just over, and the Sioux were feeling very sore. If they were Crows or Arapahoes I might get some information about my horses. I lay down and watched. No smoke came from the tepee; no one moved around it; half a dozen ponies grazed a few hundred yards distant. There was not even a dog, which looked rather suspicious. After waiting five minutes I knew no more than at first. Suddenly three white tailed deer came from the timber and walked leisurely across the opening. Then I knew the camp was deserted, and the strangeness of it startled me. I mounted and rode down to the creek, and straight to the tepee. I threw back the flap, and I shall remember what I saw until death. In the center of the tepee was spread a buffalo robe and on that robe were guns and scalps and many arrows; and, sitting cross-legged in a circle around the robe, were six braves of the Sioux Nation. All were in their prime—all decked out in war paint and each one held a bow and arrow in his hand. On every face was an expression of calm indifference, as of one who neither suffers nor enjoys, neither hopes nor fears. The faces were those of dead men, and the small-pox had marked them with its awful mark. They took their misery with their heads up, and even the horrors of the disease could leave upon their hearts no stain of fear, upon their brows no mark of suffering. And this that their god might judge them men, and fit them to their camps forever in the groves and green fields of paradise.—*Correspondence Washington Star.*